

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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No. 189.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1835.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## SINCERITY.

WHAT honesty is in deeds, sincerity is in words—the best policy. It is a virtue, nevertheless, to which the artificial habits of society are not very favourable. The forms of politeness, with all their utility, have this disadvantage, that, in teaching to restrain the real sentiments and ideas which cannot conveniently be expressed, they are apt to lead to the expression of others which are not consistent with the truth. Insincerity, however, arises from many sources in the human character. In some it springs from the genuine love of concealment and intrigue. In others it is prompted by a dread of the consequences which they suppose would result from the disclosure of the truth. In others, it arises from a false love of approbation, the flattering of others seeming to them a sure way of gaining that object.

To the first of these classes of individuals, all that can be said is, that they possess a feature of character which they should endeavour to keep in check, as, if indulged, it cannot fail to procure them much contempt, and frustrate all those cherished views which they think by such means to realise.

To the second class, I would say, that, like all cowards, they are apt to miscalculate the supposed danger. Even if a dread of consequence were a fair excuse for a departure from truth, they should still reflect that they should not give way to it in a greater degree than is absolutely necessary. They will readily allow that to incur a considerable danger in endeavouring to escape a small one, can only be the mark of an imbecile mind. In the most of circumstances, the danger from telling the truth, as it is usually immediate, can at least be calculated with accuracy; but no one can tell what mischiefs are to ensue, in long-drawn succession, from either the saying of what is false, or the suppression of what is true. In general, the straight-forward course only threatens us with a slight loss of the respect of others, which the majesty of sincerity is almost sure immediately to restore: but what an awful responsibility do we incur when we undertake to endure the unalleviated miseries, with which we are to be overpowered at that moment, when it is discovered that we were not only guilty of the fault, but destroyed our honour in a vain endeavour to conceal it! In the very dread of such a detection there must be infinitely greater pain than in the most humiliating confession. The timid insincere, when tempted to take this means of avoiding a little trouble, would do well to consider the one danger as well as the other, and not, for the sake of a trifle, pledge away more than the nature of the risk entitles them to stake. But persons of this kind often imagine there is danger where there is none, and act the hypocrite for nothing. They conceive themselves to be called upon either to assume certain feelings, which they would not naturally assume, or to put a disguise upon those which really animate them, and thus, from whatever cause—often from a mistaken deference to a few surrounding minds—subject themselves to the humbling and vitiating sense of doing what is mean and wrong; when a candid and conscientious course, so far from injuring them in any way, would gain them that approbation which sincerity never fails to command.

Insincere discourse towards others, for the sake of gaining a larger return of approbation, is so short-sighted and so contemptible a folly, that they must be weak indeed who are guilty of it. In more than one previous paper, an endeavour has been made to impress the great truth, that, without genuine deservings, there can be no genuine or estimable praise. All false arts for obtaining the respect and admiration of our fellows, are labour in vain; or rather, by engross-

ing present energies, and creating contempt in the discerning, serve but to postpone the time of genuine approbation. The peculiar mode here pointed at is no exception from the rule. The insincerity is much more liable to be detected than may be imagined, if not by the immediate object, at least by some other person; but, at the best, it can only impose upon those whose approbation is not worth having, or will, when obtained, be equally false. With the discerning and good, such a miserable expedient can only serve to raise the worst suspicions, neutralising the value of any little merit that may exist.

There is a kind of insincerity to which it may be more difficult to attach the idea of guilt, but which must not be overlooked. It is the abuse of the habit of innocent jesting. Some give themselves up so entirely to an ironical and bantering kind of discourse, and use a phraseology so full of whimsical slang, that their real sentiments are at length buried beneath a mass of rubbish, and, after knowing them for years, you become alive to the painful recollection, that, during the whole time, you have not found in their character a single piece of solid ground whereon to rest your foot. Persons of this kind live in a perpetual masquerade; they grow old with the rattle in their hands; and, while their neighbours are all more or less busied with serious objects, aim at no higher gratification than that of being laughed at. All manly and estimable qualities in time sink under the habit; the motley, at first put on as a mask, eats in time into the character itself; and that which was once perhaps a good and valid human being, is found in the end a mere painted husk. There is, in contrast with such a habit, an open and pure kind of speech which, however homely its tone, or in whatever dialect it may be expressed, dignifies every one who uses it, and is unquestionably conducive to moral excellence.

In the indulgence of every kind of dissimulation, in whatever circumstances, there is much danger. However innocent a transaction may be in itself, however absolute may appear the necessity of managing it clandestinely, it cannot be so carried into effect without injury to virtue. In the very consciousness of putting a veil over our thoughts, there is a sure degradation. Hence, smugglers, conspirators, and the members of various ambascading professions, however convinced they may be of the abstract innocence, and even praise-worthy of their practices, in time become vitiated. It is of very great importance that the course of our lives should be such that we have little to conceal.

In conclusion, to all who may be disposed by nature or "evil communications" to the vice of insincerity, I would not only represent the obvious disadvantages which follow the practice of the vice, but also the great advantages which accrue from the opposite virtue. No one can reflect on the vast number of evils and inconveniences which afflict society on account of the necessity of being guarded against possible insincerity; no one can reckon up the fears, discomforts, and expense of both money and pains, which are every where occasioned by the few who habitually depart from truth,—or contemplate the happiness which would attend even a sublunary world, where truth prevailed more generally; without feeling that he cannot in himself practise a virtue more useful to his kind, or accord to any fellow-creature greater praise than to say that he is sincere. But, besides the lustre with which we are invested by the practice of sincerity, there is the comfort of the still brighter and more blessed light which it kindles in our own bosoms. He who is conscious of sincerity can scarcely know fear; he walks through the wilderness of this world,

in the placid enjoyment of an internal fountain of happiness, which can neither be damaged nor impaired.

## A GLANCE AT THE NEW FOREST.

—Be my retreat  
Between the groaning forest and the shore,  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene.—THOMSON.

IN that pleasant sunny district of "merry England" which lies on the borders of the British Channel, opposite the Isle of Wight, and within the boundaries of Hampshire, lies the New Forest, or rather the scattered remains of that once famous hunting ground. What an antiquity does this tract of woodland boast, though still receiving the appellation of New! It was originally made a forest by William the Conqueror in the year 1079, about thirteen years after the battle of Hastings, and it took the designation of New, from its being an addition to the many forests which the crown already possessed. According to the chroniclers of the period, William laid waste at least thirty miles of cultivated lands, and committed great devastations on the property of the inhabitants, in dedicating the place as a hunting ground, and partially covering it with trees.\*

In those days, however, it was a matter of little ceremony either to make or enlarge a forest. The king was invested with the privilege of having his place of recreation and pleasure wherever he might appoint. Agreeably to this arrangement the royal forests were regulated; each had its government and laws, which were sufficiently annoying; and in this manner the right of hunting or taking game became a peculiar privilege of the monarch and those who enjoyed his favour. The idea of forest law and forest rights obtained early, indeed in Saxon times. But the Saxon princes were in general a mild race, and there were some traces of liberal sentiment in their institutions. The Norman princes were a different race. They increased the rigour of the forest laws, and to such an extent was the rigour carried, that, till the reign of one of the Edwards, it was death to be guilty of killing a hawk. Forest law is now abolished, but the officials who are entrusted with the care of the New Forest, still in some measure continue to exercise their functions. The principal functionary is the lord-warden, who is appointed by the crown, and beneath whom there are rangers and other officials, for preservation of the game and timber. We believe that some of the ancient offices are now disused, especially that of bow-bearer. It was the duty of this personage to attend the king with a bow and arrows whilst in the forest. His salary was forty shillings per annum, with a fee of a buck and doe yearly.

The keepers and under-keepers form the principal executive in this ancient domain. According to Gilpin, the under-keeper feeds the deer in winter, browes them in summer, knows where to find a fat buck, executes the king's warrants for venison, presents offences in the forest courts, and prevents the destruction of game. In this last article his virtue is chiefly shown, and to this purpose the memory of every sound keeper should be furnished with this cabalistic verse—

Stable stand,  
Dog draw,  
Buck bear, and  
Bloody hand.

It implies the several circumstances in which offenders may be taken with the manner, as it is phrased. If a man be found armed, and stationed in some sus-

\* The greater part of what follows is a condensation from "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," as edited and considerably extended by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder; 2 vols.; Fraser and Co., Edinburgh; and Smith, Elder, and Co., London, 1834.

picious part of the forest—or if he be found with a dog pursuing a stricken deer—or if he be found carrying a dead deer on his back—or lastly, if he be found bloody in the forest—he is, in all these cases, seizable, though the fact of killing a deer cannot be proved upon him.

With regard to the woods of the forest, which were originally considered only as they respected game, the first officer under the lord-warden is the woodward. It is his business, as his title denotes, to inspect the woods. He prevents waste, he sees that young trees are properly fenced, and he assigns timber for the payment of forest officers. This timber is sold by auction at the court at Lyndhurst, and annually amounts to about seven hundred pounds, which is the sum required. Besides the woodward, there is an officer with the title of purveyor, whose duty it is to assign timber from the forest for the use of the navy.

One of the most noted officers of the forest in bygone times was Henry Hastings, second son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and who exercised the vocation of keeper in the reigns of James and Charles I. Hastings was not less celebrated as a sportsman than noted for his eccentricity of manners, which partook largely of the humours of the old English squire. He was a man of low stature, but very strong and very active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair; and his clothes were always of green cloth—a colour dedicated from time immemorial to the dress of English foresters and hunters. His house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had a long narrow bowling green in it, and used to play with round sand-bowls. Here, too, he had a banqueting room built like a stand in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewn with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a polecat was intermixed, and hunter's poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher to defend it if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster-table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a-day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk; one side of which held a church Bible, the other, the Book of Martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs, tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house, for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet, was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding; and he always sang it in with, "My part lies therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, but syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack, and had always a tumbler of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. This remarkable individual lived to be a hundred years of age, and never lost his eyesight, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was past fourscore.

It is well known, from the history of England, that the death of William Rufus (the son and successor of the Conqueror, and who had been instrumental in planting and extending the forest) took place within the bounds of the New Forest, being shot by an arrow from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel, who had aimed at a stag as it passed along through the glade. The spot on which this transaction occurred was, it seems, marked by an oak, which survived until some time during last century. Before the stump was removed, a stone was erected at the place by the late Lord Delaware, on which there is an appropriate inscription commemorative of the event, and of the tree which had formerly stood on the spot.

After having been a royal hunting ground for centuries, the New Forest declined into the character of a district of crown lands, from which a small revenue is still derived. Notwithstanding the once rigorous forest laws, and the continuance of an establishment of rangers and keepers, the New Forest has been prodigiously impaired in respect of its wood, and encroached upon by settlers. It would appear to have been a sort of No-man's-land, where every audacious intruder might take his prey, not only of venison and

timber, but squat himself down with his hut, and there make good his territorial right. In the present day, the forest exhibits long open walks and spacious glades; here a beautiful secluded park surrounded by tufted gnarled oaks, there a heathy spot, enjoying the beams of the sun, and showing the ground covered with wild and delicious strawberries, and other small lowly fruits, most refreshing to the traveller. In some places there have been inclosures for cultivation, and throughout the domain there are now several excellent highways, leading to and from the different towns and villages in the vicinity. The forest still possesses many noble deer, notwithstanding the excess of poaching which has prevailed. The account given by Gilpin and his illustrator, of the system of encroaching and poaching, presents a curious view of the state of affairs in the forest. "There are multitudes of trespassers on every side, who build their little huts, and enclose their little gardens and patches of ground, without leave or ceremony of any kind. The under-keepers, who have constant orders to destroy all these enclosures, now and then assert the rights of the forest by throwing down a fence; but it requires a legal process to throw down a house of which possession has been taken. The trespasser therefore here, as on other wastes, is careful to rear his cottage, and get into it as quickly as possible. I have known all the materials of one of these habitations brought together—the house built—covered in—the goods removed—a fire kindled—and the family in possession, during the course of a moonlight night. Sometimes, indeed, where the trespass is inconsiderable, the possessor has been allowed to pay a fine for his land in the court of Lyndhurst. But these trespasses are generally in the outskirts of the forest, or in the neighbourhood of some little hamlet. They are never suffered in the interior parts, where no lands are alienated from the crown, except in regular grants."

We have been informed that instances have occurred of small wooden houses having been secretly constructed in Southampton, and then actually transported upon wheels during the night to some spot in the New Forest, where they were set down, occupied, and afterwards added to by degrees, the ground around them being taken in from time to time as opportunity offered; nay, we have even been assured that some of the most splendid residences in the forest have had no other origin.

The many advantages which the borderers on forests enjoy, such as rearing cattle and hogs, obtaining fuel at an easy rate, and procuring little patches of land for the trouble of enclosing it, would add much, one should imagine, to the comfort of their lives. But in fact it is otherwise. These advantages procure them not half the enjoyments of common day-labourers. In general, they are an indolent race, poor and wretched in the extreme. Instead of having the regular returns of a week's labour to subsist on, too many of them depend on the precarious supply of forest piffer. Their ostensible business is commonly to cut furze, and carry it to the neighbouring brick kilns; for which purpose they keep a team of two or three forest horses; while their collateral support is deer-stealing, poaching, or purloining timber. In this last occupation they are said to have been so expert, that in a night's time they would have cut down, carried off, and lodged safely in the hands of some receiver, one of the largest oaks of the forest. But the depredations which have been made in timber, along all the skirts of the forest, have rendered this species of theft at present but an unprofitable employment. In poaching and deer-stealing they often find their best account; in all the arts of which many of them are well practised. From their earliest youth they learn to set the trap and the gin for hares and pheasants; to ensnare deer by hanging hooks, baited with apples, from the boughs of trees; and (as they become bolder proficient) to watch the herd with fire-arms, and single out a fat buck as he passes the place of their concealment."

The whole of the roads through the New Forest are delightful, and the rides and drives they yield are all sufficiently charming in themselves. But if one would

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,

he must abjure the common every-day path, and drive into the depths of the forest. The lower of beautiful woodland scenery will be delighted with that division of the forest which is confined by the Beaulieu river and the bay of Southampton. "It is now many years since we first visited it (says Sir Thomas); but we have still a fresh recollection of the delights of that day, when, having left Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight early in the morning, we were landed somewhere near the mouth of the Lympington river, whence, without a guide or companion of any kind, we set out to find our way instinctively, as it were, through the labyrinth of the forest towards Beaulieu and the Southampton river. Limbs which had been trained upon the Scottish mountains gave but little consideration to the fatigue occasioned by those continued deviations from the direct line which fancy prompted, or ignorance of the localities betrayed us into; our route, therefore, was of the most careless description, and we gave ourselves entirely up to the luxurious enjoyment of these solitudes amongst which we wandered. Sometimes we seated ourselves under the shade of a wide spreading oak to listen in vain for sounds indicating life, and pondering on the huge stems which every where

upreared themselves around us, and on the many and the mighty events which had followed one another in succession since they had first developed themselves from the tiny acorns whence they had sprung; and whilst thus indolently disposed, some of the leather-coated citizens of these wilds, full of the pasture, would sweep past us, scarcely deigning to throw a look of inquiry towards us. Again we would arise to wander whither fancy led us, striving to penetrate amid the mysteries of the forest, and becoming more and more perplexed at every step by the depth of its shades; and anon, an increase of light before us would gradually disclose an embayed portion of the sea, surrounded by magnificent oaks in all their splendour of head, and animated by the cheering operations of shipbuilding. In short, the variety and beauty of these forest scenes were so fascinating, that we forgot time, space, and position, and were nearly paying the forfeit of our pleasure by spending the night beneath the shelter of some of the tangled thickets of these sylvan wildernesses."

## THE BRAIN—ITS CONDITION IN EARLY LIFE.

[Being Extract Second from the Work of Dr Brigham.]

SINCE at first no organ is fully developed and prepared for the powerful execution of its appropriate function, let us inquire at what time of life nature has prepared the brain for the performance of the important office of manifesting the mind.

Let us begin with the infant, and ascertain what is the condition of its brain in early life.

The brain of a new-born infant weighs about ten ounces; that of an adult, generally, three pounds and a half, apothecaries' weight, frequently a little less. But if the mind of an adult has been long devoted to thought, if he has been engaged in constant study, his brain is usually increased beyond this weight. The brain of Byron, for instance, is said to have weighed four pounds and a half; and that of the illustrious Cuvier, four pounds thirteen ounces and a half. The size of this organ increases from the time of birth till manhood, remains stationary from this period until old age, and then diminishes in bulk and weight. The relative size of its different portions constantly varies during several of the first years of life, and it is not until about the seventh year that all its parts are formed. During childhood it is very soft, and even almost liquid under the finger, and its different parts cannot be clearly distinguished. Still at this time it is supplied with more blood, in proportion to its size, than at any subsequent period. It then grows most rapidly, and more rapidly than any other organ: its weight is nearly doubled at the end of the first six months; and hence the nervous system, being connected with the brain, is early developed, and becomes the predominating system in youth. At this period of life, however, which is devoted to the increase of the body, it is necessary that the nervous system should predominate; for this system is the source of all vital movement, and presides over, and gives energy to those actions which tend to the growth of the organisation. Besides, 'Infancy,' says Bichat, 'is the age of sensation. As every thing is new to the infant, every thing attracts its eyes, ears, nostrils, &c. That which to us is an object of indifference, is to it a source of pleasure. It was then necessary that the nervous cerebral system should be adapted by its early development to the degree of action which it is then to have.'

But this great and early development, though necessary for the above purposes, very much increases the liability to disease: it gives a tendency to convulsions, and to inflammation and dropsy of the brain, and to other diseases of the nervous system, which are most common and fatal in childhood.

It is therefore deeply important that the natural action of the nervous system should not be much increased, either by too much exercise of the mind, or by too strong excitement of the feelings, lest at the same time the liability of children to nervous diseases be increased, and such a predominance given to this system as to make it always easily excited, and disposed to sympathise with disorder in any part of the body; thus generating a predisposition to hypochondriasis and numerous afflicting nervous affections.

Mental excitement increases the flow of blood to the head, and augments the size and power of the brain, just as exercise of the limbs enlarges and strengthens the muscles of the limbs exercised. The wonderful powers of mind which an infant or child sometimes manifests, and by which he surpasses ordinary children, do not arise from better capacity in the mind itself of the child, but, in fact, from a greater enlargement than usual of some portion or the whole of the brain, by which the mind is sooner enabled to manifest its powers. This enlargement takes place whether the mental precocity arises from too early and frequent exercise of the mind, or from disease, and it must arise in one of these two ways. But, in my opinion, mental precocity is generally a symptom of disease; and hence those who exhibit it very frequently die young. This fact ought to be specially remembered by parents, some of whom regard precocity, unless accompanied by visible disease, as a most gratifying indication; and, on account of it, task the memory and intellect of the child. Sometimes, however, it is accompanied by visible deformity of the head, and then the fears of parents are greatly awak-



ened. Take, for instance, the disease known by the name of rickets. Every person understands that this is a disease of childhood, and, according to the best medical authorities, it arises from the irritation or inflammation of some organ, and frequently of the brain. Its most characteristic symptoms when it affects the brain, are an enlargement of the head, and premature development of the intellectual faculties. On examining the heads of those who have died of this disease, the brain is found very voluminous, but ordinarily healthy. Meckel observes, that its mass is increased in rickets; an effect gradually produced, without disorganisation of the brain by increased action in its blood-vessels, and the consequent transmission to it of more blood than usual. Being thus augmented in size, increased mental power is the consequence of this augmentation. 'One of the most remarkable phenomena in the second stage of rickets,' says M. Monfalcon, 'is the precocious development, and the energy of the intellectual faculties. Ricketty children have minds active and penetrating; their wit is astonishing; they are susceptible of lively passions, and have perspicacity which does not belong to their age. Their brains enlarge in the same manner as the cranium does.' He adds, 'this wonderful imagination, this judgment, this premature mental power which rickets occasion, has but a short duration. The intellectual faculties are soon exhausted by the precocity and energy of this development.'

I do not say or believe that cautious tasking of the minds of young children will frequently cause this disease, but I believe there is great danger that it will produce the same unnatural growth of the brain, and this will give rise to an exhibition of superior mental power, and be followed, as in the case of rickets, by permanent weakness, or loss of mental energy. That an increase of mental power results from other diseases besides rickets, which stimulate the brain, is evident in many instances; as in fevers that affect the head, in inflammation of the brain, and insanity.

The memory sometimes receives a wonderful addition of power from an increased flow of blood to the head, caused by some slight irritation, or stimulation of the brain. Dr Abercrombie relates the case of a boy who was trepanned for a fracture of the skull at the age of four. 'He was at the time in complete stupor, and after his recovery retained no recollection of the operation. At the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave a correct description of the operation, and the persons that were present at it, with their dress and other minute particulars. It is added, that he had never been heard to allude to it before, and no means are known by which he could have acquired a knowledge of the circumstances he mentioned. I have myself seen repeated instances of the increase of the power of memory during delirium, paroxysms of fever, and other affections which determined more blood than usual to the head.

Intoxication sometimes increases the energy of the intellectual faculties, and revives the memory. Mr Combe mentions the case of a porter, who, in a state of intoxication, left a parcel at a wrong house, and, when sober, could not recollect what he had done with it. But the next time he became stimulated with liquor, he recollected where he had left it. From such facts we learn that the varying states of the organisation have a powerful influence upon the intellectual and moral faculties; and that to affect the mind beneficially, and to increase and perpetuate its energy, it is necessary to give constant attention to the agents that act upon the body, and watch that they do not injure the mind by too much excitement of the physical system, nor prevent the proper development of its powers, by too little; for wine, and all other unnatural stimuli, though they may for a short time quicken and give energy to the intellect, ultimately depress and enfeeble it; and on the other hand, long-continued low diet, and a want of sufficient nutriment for the body, debilitates the mind.

I proceed to mention additional cases, to prove that mental power is increased by the action of the brain. During an attack of delirium, many people have learned to read and write with great rapidity, but have been unable to do either after their reason returned, and increased determination of blood to the brain had ceased. Another attack of insanity, however, revived their memory, and their ability to read and write. But the most remarkable and instructive case within my knowledge, one that serves to show the influence of the organisation and action of the brain on the mental and moral character, and which appears to me very deserving of the consideration of the metaphysician, is related in the American Journal of Medical Sciences, for 1829, by Professor Horner, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Master William M., the fourth child of his parents, was born in Philadelphia on the 4th of June 1820. At birth his head was of ordinary size, but very soon after an attack of dropsy of the brain, it began to grow inordinately. After he began to walk, its size was so great that he attracted much attention; and he was apt to fall, especially forwards, from readily losing his equilibrium. His health was generally good.

Dec. 12, 1828, he fell against a door, and bruised his forehead; in an hour afterwards he vomited, became very sick, and died the next evening. During his short sickness he had no headache, and complained only of his stomach.

On examining his head the day after his death, it was found to be considerably larger than that of a full-

grown person, measuring twenty-eight inches in circumference. The lateral ventricles contained a great quantity of transparent serum, which had distended the brain to a very great degree, and produced much of the enlargement of the head. The appearance of all the parts of the brain it is not necessary to particularise. Many parts, especially those at the base of the brain, were healthy, and the small blood-vessels were generally congested with blood.

The following interesting account of this child's mental and moral faculties was furnished by Dr J. K. Mitchell, the family physician:—'When 15 months old, the child spoke well, and at 18 months was able to sing a variety of musical airs with tolerable correctness, and always exhibited a strong predilection for music. His intellectual faculties generally were very respectable, and his powers of observation rather remarkable. But his memory, both of language and sentiments, was such as to excite surprise in those who took pains to converse with him.

Of a grave and quiet temperament, he preferred the society of his seniors, and took little interest in the common pastimes of childhood. Only sedate children were agreeable to him. Often advising others, he presented in his own conduct a fine exemplification of his principles, being distinguished among the children of the family and the school for love of truth and general sincerity of character. At length, even while in full health and vigour, he spoke of death as a thing to be desired; and when dying, expressed pleasure at the approaching crisis.

The following, in my opinion, is the true explanation of the surprising mental powers exhibited by this boy:—Disease, or some other cause, irritated his brain; this irritation attracted more than an ordinary quantity of blood to the head, and thus excited, and unnaturally or prematurely developed, certain portions of the brain; and just in proportion as these were developed, his mental powers were increased.

I have repeatedly seen cases very similar to the above as to the symptoms, in connection with scrofulous diseases, and premature development of the mind. I have seen several affecting and melancholy instances of children, five or six years of age, lingering awhile with diseases from which those less gifted readily recover; and at last dying, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to restore them. During their sickness, they constantly manifested a passion for books and mental excitement, and were admired for the maturity of their minds. The chance for the recovery of such precocious children, is in my opinion small, when attacked by disease. Their mental precocity results from an unnatural development of one organ of the body, at the expense of the constitution, as is thus explained by two of the most celebrated men of the medical profession. 'It is a fundamental law of the distribution of vital powers,' says Bichat, 'that when they are increased in one part, they are diminished in all the rest of the living economy; that the sum is never augmented, but that they are necessarily transported from one organ to another; and therefore to increase the powers of one organ, it is absolutely necessary they should be diminished in the others.'

It is thus that a child is made an intellectual prodigy. The premature development of mind is owing to the premature development of the brain, occasioned by undue excitement, and the robbing of other organs of their natural share of vital energy. But, as Dr Johnson says, this is a 'truth little attended to by the world in general.' Most parents are ignorant of it, and are generally anxious for the early cultivation of the minds of their children. To effect this object, they are assisted by teachers, who undertake, with the aid of books, maps, machinery, and pictures, to make children of only a few years of age understand a vast many truths in chronology, history, geometry, and many other sciences; to mature very rapidly their understandings, and surprisingly quicken their reasoning powers. And when a child from much instruction, or from disease, has reached this superior mental condition, memoirs and anecdotes of his life are published (for such children seldom live many years) for the sake of instruction and example. Such publications have been extensively circulated; they have been greatly approved, and probably have had much influence with parents in the education of infants.

Much of the thoughtlessness of parents regarding the injury they may do their children by too early cultivating their minds, has arisen from the mystery in which the science of mind has been involved, and ignorance of the connection between the mind and body; for we find them exceedingly anxious and careful about the health of their children in other respects. Entirely forgetful of the brain, they know there is danger in exercising many other parts of the body too much, when they are but partially developed. They know that caution is necessary with children in respect to their food, lest their delicate digestive organs should be injured by a too exciting and stimulating regimen. A parent would be greatly alarmed if his little child, by continued encouragement and training, had learned to eat as much food as a healthy adult. Such a prodigy of gluttony might undoubtedly be formed. The method of effecting it would be somewhat like that of enabling a child to remember, and reason, and study, with the ability and constancy of an adult. Each method is dangerous, but probably the latter is the more so, because the brain is a more delicate organ than the stomach.

The activity of most of the organs of the body can

be very greatly increased; they can be made to perform their functions for a while with unusual facility and power. Every employment in which men engage brings into relatively greater action particular parts of the system; some organs are constantly and actively exercised, while others are condemned to inactivity. To make, therefore, one organ superior to another in power, it is necessary not only to exercise it frequently, but to render other organs inactive, so as not to draw away from it that vital energy which it requires in order to be made perfect.

The important truth resulting from these facts, that *the more any part of the human system is exercised, the more it is enlarged, and its powers increased*, applies equally to all organs of the body; it applies to the brain as well as the muscles. I would have the parent, therefore, understand that his child may be made to excel in almost any thing; that by increasing the power of certain organs through exercise, he can be made a prodigy of early mental or muscular activity. But I would have him at the same time understand the conditions upon which this can be effected, and its consequences. I would have him fully aware that in each case, unusual activity and power is produced by extraordinary development of an organ; and especially that in early life no one organ of the body can be disproportionately exercised, without the risk of most injurious consequences. Either the over-excited and over-tasked organ itself will be injured for life, or the development of other and essential parts of the system will be arrested for ever.

#### A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF NAMUR.

On the morning of the 30th August 1695, just as the sun began to tinge the dark and blood-stained battlements of Namur, a detachment of Mackay's Scottish regiment made their rounds, relieving the last night-sentinels, and placing those of the morning. As soon as the party returned to their quarters, and relaxed from the formalities of military discipline, their leader, a tall muscular man, of about middle age, with a keen eye and manly features, though swarthy and embrowned with toil, and wearing an expression but little akin to the gentle or the amiable, moved to an angle of the bastion, and, leaning on his spontoon, fixed an anxious gaze on the rising sun.

While he remained in this position, he was approached by another officer, who, slapping him roughly on the shoulder, accosted him in these words:—'What, Monteith! are you in a musing mood? Pray, let me have the benefit of your morning meditations.' 'Sir!' said Monteith, turning hastily round; 'Oh! 'tis you, Keppel. What think you of this morning?' 'Why, that it will be a glorious day for some; and for you and me, I hope, among others. Do you know that the Elector of Bavaria purposes a general assault to-day?' 'I might guess as much, from the preparations going on. Well, would it were to-morrow!' 'Sure you are not afraid, Monteith?' 'Afraid! It is not worth while to quarrel at present; but methinks you, Keppel, might have spared that word. There are not many men who might utter it and live.' 'Nay, I meant no offence; yet permit me to say, that your words and manner are strangely at variance with your usual bearing on a battle-morn.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Monteith; 'and, but that your English prejudices will refuse assent, it might be accounted for. That sun will rise to-morrow with equal power and splendour, gilding this earth's murky vapours, but I shall not behold his glory.' 'Now, do tell me some soothing narrative of a second-sighted seer,' said Keppel; 'I promise to do my best to believe it. At any rate, I will not laugh outright, I assure you.' 'I fear not that. It is no matter to excite mirth; and, in truth, I feel at present strangely inclined to be communicative. Besides, I have a request to make; and I may as well do something to induce you to grant it.' 'That I readily will, if in my power,' replied Keppel. 'So, proceed with your story, if you please.' 'Listen attentively, then, and be at once my first and my last confidant.'

'Shortly after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, I joined the troop commanded by Irvine of Bonshaw; and gloriously did we scour the country, hunting the rebel Covenanters, and acting our pleasure upon man, woman, and child, person and property. I was then but young, and, for a time, rather witnessed than acted in the wild and exciting commission which we so amply discharged. But use is all in all. Ere half a dozen years had sped their round, I was one of the prettiest men in the troop at every thing. It was in the autumn of 1684, as I too well remember, that we were engaged in beating up the haunts of the Covenanters on the skirts of Galloway and Ayrshire. A deep mist, which covered the moors thick as a shroud—friendly at times to the Whigs, but in the present instance their foe—concealed our approach, till we were close upon a numerous conventicle. We halted, and bade them stand; but, trusting to their mooses and glens, they scattered and fled. We pursued in various directions, pressing hard upon the fugitives. In spite of several morasses which I had to skirt, and difficult glens to thread, being well mounted, I gained rapidly on a young mountaineer, who, finding escape by flight impossible, bent his course to a house at a short distance, as hoping for shelter there, like a hare to her form. I shouted to him to stand; he ran on. Again I hailed him, but he heeded not; when,

dreading to lose all trace of him should he gain the house, I fired. The bullet took effect. He fell, and his heart's blood gushed on his father's threshold. Just at that instant, an aged woman, alarmed by the gallop of my horse, and the report of the pistol, rushed to the door, and, stumbling, fell upon the body of her dying son. She raised his drooping head upon her knee, kissed his bloody brow, and screamed aloud, 'Oh, God of the widow and the fatherless, have mercy on me!' One ghastly, convulsive shudder shook all her nerves, and the next moment they were calm as the steel of my sword; then raising her pale and shrivelled countenance, every feature of which was fixed in the calm unearthly earnestness of utter despair, or perfect resignation, she addressed me, every word falling distinct and piercing on my ear like dropping musketry—'And hast thou this day made me a widowed, childless mother? Hast thou shed the precious blood of this young servant of Jehovah? And canst thou hope that thy lot will be one of unmingled happiness? Go! red-handed persecutor! Follow thine evil way! But hear one message of truth from a feeble and unworthy tongue. Remorse, like a bloodhound, shall dog thy steps; and the serpent of an evil conscience shall coil around thy heart. From this hour thou shalt never know peace. Thou shalt seek death, and long to meet it as a friend; but it shall flee thee: and when thou shalt begin to love life, and dread death, then shall thine enemy come upon thee; and thou shalt not escape. Hence to thy bloody comrades, thou second Cain!—thou accursed and banished from the face of Heaven and of mercy!' 'Old wretch!' I exclaimed, 'it would take little to make me send thee to join thy psalm-singing offspring!' 'Well do I know that thou wouldst, if thou wert permitted,' replied she. 'But go thy way, and bethink thee how thou wilt answer to thy Creator for this morning's work!' And, ceasing to regard me, she stooped her head over the dead body of her son. I could endure no more, but wheeled round, and galloped off to join my companions.

From that hour I felt myself a doomed and miserable man. In vain did I attempt to banish from my mind the deed I had done, and the words I had heard. In the midst of mirth and revelry, the dying groan of the youth, and the words of doom spoken by his mother, rung for ever in my ears, converting the festal board to a scene of carnage and horror, till the very wine-cup seemed to foam over with hot-bubbling gore. Once I tried—laugh, if you will—I tried to pray; but the clotted locks of the dying man, and the earnest gaze of the soul-stricken mother, came betwixt me and Heaven; my lip faltered, my breath stopped, my very soul stood still; for I knew that my victims were in Paradise, and how could I think of happiness—of their murderer—in one common home with them? Despair took possession of my whole being. I rushed voluntarily to the centre of every deadliest peril, in hopes to find an end to my misery. Yourself can bear me witness that I have ever been the first to meet, the last to retire from, danger. Often, when I heard the battle-signal given, and when I passed the trench, or stormed the breach, in front of my troop, it was less to gain applause and promotion, than to provoke the encounter of death. 'Twas all in vain. I was doomed not to die, while I longed for death. And now—'

'Well, by your own account, you run no manner of risk, and at the same time are proceeding on a rapid career of military success,' said Keppel; 'and, for my life, I cannot see why that should afflict you, supposing it all perfectly true.'

'Because you have not yet heard the whole. But listen a few minutes longer. During last winter, our division, as you know, was quartered in Brussels, and was very kindly entertained by the wealthy and good-natured Flemings. Utterly tired of the heartless dissipation of life in a camp, I endeavoured to make myself agreeable to my landlord, that I might obtain a more intimate admission into his family circle. To this I was the more inclined, that I expected some pleasure in the society of his daughter. In all I succeeded to my wish. I became quite a favourite with the old man, and procured ready access to the company of his child. But I was sufficiently piqued to find, that, in spite of all my gallantry, I could not learn whether I had made any impression upon the heart of the laughing Fanchon. What peace could not accomplish, war and sorrow did. We were called out of winter-quarters, to commence what was anticipated to be a bloody campaign. I obtained an interview to take a long and doubtful farewell. In my arms the weeping girl owned her love, and pledged her hand, should I survive to return once more to Brussels. Keppel, I am a doomed man; and my doom is about to be accomplished! Formerly I wished to die, but death fled me. Now I wish to live, and death will come upon me! I know I shall never more see Brussels, nor my lovely little Fleming. Wilt thou carry her my last farewell, and tell her to forget a man who was unworthy of her love—whose destiny drove him to love, and be beloved, that he might experience the worst of human wretchedness? You'll do this for me, Keppel?''

'If I myself survive, I will. But this is some delusion—some strong dream. I trust it will not unnerve your arm in the moment of the storm.'

'No! I may die—must die; but it shall be in front of my troop, or in the middle of the breach. Yet how I long to escape this doom! I have won enough

of glory; I despise pillage and wealth; but I feel my very heartstrings shrink from the now terrible idea of final dissolution. Oh! that the fatal hour were past, or that I had still my former eagerness to die! Keppel, if I dared, I would to-day own myself a coward!'

'Come with me,' said Keppel, 'to my quarters. The night air has made you aguish. The cold fit will yield to a cup of as generous Rhine-wine as ever was drunk on the banks of the Sambre.' Monteith consented, and the two moved off to partake of the stimulating and substantial comforts of a soldier's breakfast in the Netherlands.

It was between one and two in the afternoon. An unusual stillness reigned in the lines of the besiegers. The garrison remained equally silent, as watching in deep suspense on what point the storm portended by this terrible calm would burst. A single piece of artillery was discharged. Instantly a body of grenadiers rushed from the entrenchments, struggled over masses of ruins, and mounted the breach. The shock was dreadful. Man strove with man, and blow succeeded to blow with fierce and breathless energy. The English reached the summit, but were almost immediately beaten back, leaving numbers of their bravest grovelling among the blackened fragments. Their leader, Lord Cutts, had himself received a dangerous wound in the head; but disregarding it, he selected two hundred men from Mackay's regiment, and putting them under the command of Lieutenants Cockle and Monteith, sent them to restore the fortunes of the assault. Their charge was irresistible. Led on by Monteith, who displayed a wild and frantic desperation rather than bravery, they broke through all impediments, drove the French from the covered way, seized on one of the batteries, and turned the cannon against the enemy. To enable them to maintain this advantage, they were reinforced by parties from other divisions. Keppel, advancing in one of those parties, discovered the mangled form of his friend Monteith, lying on heaps of the enemy on the very summit of the captured battery. He attempted to raise the seemingly lifeless body. Monteith opened his eyes—'Save me!' he cried; 'save me! I will not die! I dare not—I must not die!'

It was too horrid to specify the ghastly nature of the mortal wounds which had torn and disfigured his frame. To live was impossible. Yet Keppel strove to render him some assistance, were it but to soothe his parting spirit. Again he opened his glazing eyes—'I will resist thee to the last!' he cried, in a raving delirium. 'I killed him but in the discharge of my duty. What worse was I than others? Poor consolation now! The doom—the doom! I cannot—dare not—must not—will not die!' And while the vain words were gurgling in his throat, his head sunk back on the body of a slaughtered foe, and his unwilling spirit forsook his shattered carcass.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

#### PLEASURE TOURS.

THE CLYDE, LOCH LOMOND, AND INVERARY.

In a former article the tourist was left at the head of Loch Lomond, to which he had been carried from the Trossachs and Loch Katrine. The point at which tourists thus arrive at Loch Lomond cannot, to speak correctly, be called the head of the lake; it is at a place on the east side, pretty far up, called the mill of Inversnaid. As a steam-boat touches at various points on the shore of the lake, the tourist can suit his taste for exploring the Highland scenery around before going on board. There are, however, two ways of proceeding, in respect of the scenery in this quarter, worthy of being pointed out.

If you have come from Loch Katrine, you should endeavour not to leave the district without visiting the vale of Glencroe and Inverary, and thence proceed by the Clyde to Glasgow. If you make Glasgow your starting place, you have only to reverse the line of tour, beginning with Loch Lomond, Glencroe, and Inverary; and ending with Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, Stirling, and Edinburgh. There are so many steam-boats on the Clyde, and they touch at so many places, both on the river and its lochs or off-shoots, that a desire to see some of the finest scenery in the romantic counties of Argyle, Dumbarton, and Stirling, cannot fail to be gratified. Glasgow is an admirable place to start from; every thing being so well arranged for the tourist's convenience, wherever he may be going. The journey from Glasgow to Inverary, by Loch Lomond, returning the same day, though extending over both sea and land, may be performed by paying a certain sum, a very small one—perhaps not more than a few shillings—at starting. The Clyde betwixt Glasgow and Dumbarton affords a most delightful morning sail. The succession of beautiful and majestic views presented to the eye as the river gradually changes its character to an estuary or firth, is such as to please and astonish all travellers. The number of vessels constantly moving—vessels of all sizes, and propelled by every means,

oars, sails, and steam—is not the least interesting part of the scene. Amidst the numerous handsome seats which peep out upon both sides of the river, a splendid and extensive new house, belonging to Lord Blantyre, situated on the south bank, at the distance of about eight miles below Glasgow, is worthy of particular notice. On the right side of the river, a little farther on, the little village of Kilpatrick is worthy of remark as the supposed birthplace of St Patrick, the tutelary saint of Ireland. Still farther on, a little rocky promontory juts into the river, surmounted by a pile of ruins, which are almost completely surrounded with ivy. This is Dunglass Castle, remarkable as the site of the fort which terminated the Roman wall in this direction.

Dumbarton Castle, which comes into view on the north bank of the river, is an object of the most singular appearance that can well be conceived; a rock shooting up to the height of five hundred and sixty feet, sheer out of the alluvial plain where the small river Leven joins the Clyde; measuring a mile in circumference; terminating in two sharp points, or rocky knolls, one higher than the other; and sprinkled over with houses and batteries. It is believed to have been the principal stronghold or capital of the kingdom of Strathclyde, one of the small principalities into which Scotland, as well as England, was divided immediately after the retirement of the Romans from Britain. The name Dun or Dum-barton is a corruption of its original title, Dun Britton—the hill of the Britons. It is believed to be the Balclutha of Ossian.

The town of Dumbarton lies behind the castle: passengers are here landed from the steam-boat. After breakfasting at Dumbarton, a coach starts with them for the loch, the road proceeding along the banks of the Leven. At Balloch, at the foot of the loch, a steamer receives and conveys them round to different points on both sides. The course of the Leven, though no more than six miles, is exquisitely beautiful, and has an interest in the eyes of travellers, over and above its real merits, on account of the admirable little poem by which Smollett has consecrated it. That illustrious person was born at the farm-house of Dalquharn, near the modern manufacturing village of Renton; and a monument has been erected to his memory upon the left of the road, a little farther north, by his cousin, the late James Smollett, Esq.

About half-way between Dumbarton and the lower end of Loch Lomond is the village just mentioned, chiefly occupied by persons engaged in bleaching, which branch of manufacture flourishes to a greater extent in this district than anywhere else in Scotland, on account of the limpid purity of the Leven. At the fifth milestone the traveller finds the house of Cameron, the seat of Alexander Smollett, Esq., where the family of Matthew Bramble are described as residing, in the novel of Humphrey Clinker.

Immediately thereafter, through a fine vista, appears the polished expanse of Loch Lomond, its large islands, and the soft hills in the distance, a view that never fails to arrest the attention of the traveller. The objects that crowd into this scene are so finely diversified in form, in situation, and in colour, as to compose a picture at once beautiful and impressive.

Loch Lomond extends nearly thirty miles in length. At its northern extremity it is narrow, spreading out, towards its southern part, to a breadth of about six miles. The grand feature in the landscape is Ben Lomond, which rises on its eastern side to a height of 3240 feet above the level of the lake. Loch Lomond abounds in beautiful woody islands, and is the pride of the Scottish lakes; however, having been formerly described in the Journal, we do not here require to particularise its beauties. Luss is a delightful little village, on a promontory on the west side of the lake, and is much resorted to in summer, on account of its being a convenient situation for a tourist who wishes to spend a few days in search of the picturesque. Those who wish to ascend Ben Lomond will land at Rowardennan, on the east side. This place can also be reached by a ferry from Inveruglas on the west side, Inveruglas being situated little more than two miles beyond Luss. At the Inn at Rowardennan a guide can be obtained for the ascent of Ben Lomond. The distance from the inn to the top of the mountain is six miles of a continued ascent, which in general requires three hours. The view from the summit in clear weather extends across the country from sea to sea, and comprehends an immense stretch of Highland scenery.

The point on the shores of the lake at which tourists land to proceed westward to Inverary, is Tarbet, which lies a few miles beyond Inveruglas. Those who are not hurried might effect a most agreeable pedestrian excursion along the west side of the lake, as there is a road along its whole length. From Tarbet a coach conveys the tourist over an isthmus to the head of Loch Long, which is an arm of the sea, or Firth of Clyde, shooting up into the country parallel with Loch Lomond. Loch Long is a beautiful sheet of water, and its head is distinguished by two objects, both of considerable, though unequal interest: a good Inn, which was originally the mansion-house of the chief of Macfarlane (the former feudal superior of this district), and a grotesquely grand peak, called Ben Artur, or the Cobbler, because it resembles a shoemaker at work. Having turned the head of the lake, the road proceeds through an opening towards the west, and enters the vale of Glencroe. In lonely magnificence, and all the attributes of Highland valley scenery, Glencroe can only be considered inferior



to the vale which it so nearly resembles in name. Its sides are covered with rude fragments of rock; and a little stream runs wildly along the bottom, as if anxious to escape from its terrible solitudes. The traveller ascends to the head of the vale, by a steep and painful path, at the top of which there is a stone seat, with an inscription indicating that this road was constructed by the soldiers of the twenty-second regiment, and also inscribed with the appropriate words, "Rest and be thankful." From this point, the distance to Cairndow on the bank of Loch Fyne is seven miles; the whole distance from Tarbet being thirteen. At Cairndow, a boat is to be procured, to convey the traveller down the loch to Inverary, a distance of five miles.

Inverary is a small and irregularly built town, but distinguished for the beauty of its surrounding scenery. Inverary castle, a splendid modern square edifice, the seat of the Duke of Argyll, is the principal object of attraction in the neighbourhood. All travellers speak with rapture of the beauty of the scenery around this princely mansion, as well as of the splendours of its interior decorations. The dukes of Argyll are said to have spent no less than £300,000 in building, planting, improving, making roads and other works of utility and decoration, in and about the castle. The collections of old Highland armour, to be found within the saloon, are worthy of the particular attention of the visitor.

From Inverary you are carried down Loch Fyne to that part of the firth of Clyde behind the isles of Arran and Bute. Loch Fyne is an arm of the sea projected into the country for a space of about thirty-two miles, and for fourteen miles from its mouth it is about four miles across, after which it becomes narrower. Loch Fyne has enjoyed the reputation of producing the best herrings of any found on the coasts of Scotland. Leaving Loch Fyne, the steam-vessel proceeds towards the Clyde, making its devious way between the mainland of Argyllshire and the shore of Bute. This channel is extremely narrow, and receives the appellation of the "Kyles of Bute." The scenery is in many places striking on both shores, and is continually developing new features and engaging the attention of the tourist, till the vessel reaches Rothesay, the capital of the island of Bute. Rothesay being a good starting point for the scenery on the west coast and islands, we may here pause, leaving the tourist either to proceed onward by the steamer to Glasgow, or remain to take an excursion to some of the more interesting of the Hebridean isles, for which there is no want of conveyances.

#### CHARLES D'EON DE BEAUMONT.

IN the vast range of biographical history, there could scarcely be found a combination of events so singular—an assumption of character so various, and, in many cases, directly opposite, as in the life of this most extraordinary personage. After having sustained for the first fifty years, and in the most distinguished manner, the characters of a scholar, a soldier, and a statesman, we find M. D'Eon apparently detected in the practice of a disguise with respect to his sex, and compelled, with great reluctance, to resume his proper character of a lady, which he bears for upwards of thirty years more, till, at the close of a long life, his first character is found to have been the real one. Apart from all consideration of the eccentricity which dictated these strange metamorphoses, M. D'Eon is worthy of notice, on account of his intellectual talents, and the figure which he made in European history.

He was born, October 27, 1727, or 1728 (more probably in the former year), at Tonnere in Burgundy, of a family described as ancient and respectable, but not opulent. In the biographies written during the time of his assumption of the female character, two reasons were assigned for his being reared as a boy. One represents his father as having longed much for a son, and, on being disappointed by the birth of a daughter, as having resolved to educate the child in the former character. Another states that a rich uncle, who had been mortified in an unsuccessful attachment, conceiving an antipathy to the fair sex, left his fortune to the son of his brother, if a son there should ever be, but with a reserve in the event of female issue only: in order to obtain this legacy, it is said that the father resolved to make his infant pass for a son. Whatever might be the source of the ambiguity, D'Eon seems from his earliest years to have experienced no difficulty in supporting the male character. He was sent at a proper age to Paris, and placed at the College Mazarin, where he was received first as a doctor in civil and then in canon law, and finally admitted an advocate in the parliament of Paris. Having displayed talent in some literary performances, he became known to the Prince of Conti, who was the means of introducing him to a political career. Russia had for an age been on unfriendly terms with France: it was an important object to reconcile the

two courts; for this purpose a mysterious agent was wanted—one hitherto undistinguished, and without title or pretension, and yet capable of insinuation, and of fulfilling a delicate commission. The prince, who understood M. D'Eon to be a lady in disguise, could imagine no better device than to send him in what he supposed his real character to St Petersburg, with instructions to resume the male dress immediately afterwards. This project having met the approval of Louis XV., who was fond of such mysteries, D'Eon appeared temporarily at St Petersburg as a woman, and succeeded so well in the business, that he was soon after sent on a second mission in male attire; on which occasion he acted his part with so much plausibility, that no one discovered him to be the same person. The aim of his negotiations was to determine Russia to form an alliance with the courts of Versailles and Vienna against Prussia, in behalf of which power the empress Elizabeth had already raised eighty thousand men. By the address, in a great measure, of D'Eon, the Russian government was induced to join France and Germany with all this vast force, and thus a most important turn was given to the fortunes of the great Frederick, and to the political affairs of Europe. While D'Eon was in Vienna, communicating the plan of the Russian operations, intelligence was received of the famous battle of Prague, the first great fruit of the new alliance, and no one was judged so proper as he to convey the intelligence to Paris. He accordingly set out in a stage waggon, and proceeded with such dispatch, that, notwithstanding an overturn of his carriage, by which one of the bones of his ankle was broken, he reached that city thirty-six hours earlier than a courier who had left Vienna at the same time. Without getting out of the vehicle, he delivered his dispatches into the hands of the foreign secretary, by whom they were immediately taken to the king. Louis ordered the greatest care to be taken of him, and his broken limb to be dressed by one of his own surgeons. Three months after, on being completely restored to health, he obtained, at his own request, a lieutenancy of dragons, and was sent a third time to St Petersburg, as secretary of a new and formal embassy. He returned from that court in 1769, and, being desirous to distinguish himself in his military character, he was permitted to join his regiment in Germany, with a commission as captain, and as aid-de-camp to Marshal de Broglie. D'Eon acquitted himself of his military character in so bold a manner, as might have been deemed sufficient to fix his masculine character for ever. At the engagement of Ultrap, he was twice wounded; and at that of Osterwich, at the head of four-score dragons and forty hussars, he charged the Prussian battalion of Rhés with so much vigour, as to drive them off the field, with the loss of their commander, who was taken prisoner. In 1762, the French monarch intended to have sent our hero as ambassador to Russia, but was prevented by the death of Peter III. In September of the same year, he was sent to London, as secretary of embassy to the Duke de Nivernois, who had been commissioned to conclude a treaty of peace between France and Britain. Here his ingenuity enabled him to be of essential service in bringing about the desired reconciliation between the two countries. Nivernois, too jealous in behalf of his own court, had taken the liberty of altering several articles in the ultimatum, which gave such umbrage to the court of St James's, that the negotiation seemed on the point of being broken off. The ambassador, at once sensible of the necessity of peace to France, and afraid to compromise the national honour by withdrawing the articles, was in the greatest perplexity, when Monsieur D'Eon offered, at whatever hazard, to take the blame of having altered the ultimatum, and at once put an end to the difficulty. Nivernois embraced D'Eon with transport, and was candid enough to make his self-devotedness known to his sovereign, who acknowledged it with the cross of St Louis. Nor does he seem to have lost the good opinion of the English court, for, contrary to the usual etiquette, George III. entrusted him with the duty of carrying the ratification of the treaty to Paris. Previously to this period, he had received two pensions from Louis XV., one of three thousand, and another of two thousand livres.

The summit of his fortunes seemed to be attained, when, on the absence of Nivernois in Paris, he was appointed minister-plénipotentiaire for the court of France at that of England; but here he had only approached his decline. On the arrival of a new ambassador in the Count de Guérchy, when D'Eon was requested to resume his duties as secretary, he was so much mortified at the degradation as to become petulant and restive, disputing the genuineness of the letter for his recall, and refusing to deliver it, as was required, to his Britannic majesty. The consequence of this weak conduct was a peremptory dismissal from employment. Conceiving himself deeply injured, he published a large volume, entitled *Lettres, Mémoires, et Négociations particulières du Chevalier D'Eon*, in which he showed no mercy for the new ambassador, and exposed some important state secrets. This led to his being tried by the Court of King's Bench, July 9, 1764, for a libel upon the count, of which he was found guilty in absence. He then seems to have concealed himself from the pursuit of justice, as, in the ensuing year, he was outlawed for not appearing to hear the sentence of the court. But in the meantime he seems to have had reason to dread greater troubles than any which the Court of King's Bench could have

inflicted upon him. That the court of France had a few years before executed a *lettre-de-cachet* in London, is a fact which has never been disputed. If we are to believe the allegations of the Chevalier D'Eon, there was now a considerable number of emissaries of the French government in London, who had concerted means for seizing his person, hurrying it on board a boat above London Bridge, and then carrying him to a vessel at Gravesend, by which he would speedily be conveyed to France. In this emergency, he addressed four letters to as many eminent English statesmen, in which he expatiated on the injuries which he had suffered, and with which he was threatened, asking Lord Mansfield very cunningly, if, in the event of his being attacked by any party pretending to be English legal officers, which, considering his present relation to English law, was not unlikely, he might not justifiably oppose force with force. Of the reality of his danger there seems little reason to doubt, as, in March 1765, he obtained, upon evidence presented on his behalf, an indictment against the Count de Guérchy for a conspiracy against his person; thus greatly perplexing the British government, as, by international law, no ambassador is amenable to the ordinary laws of the country in which he is acting in that capacity. The prosecution was eventually stopped.

Whatever might be the sentiments of the French ministry respecting D'Eon, he never lost the friendship and correspondence of the king, by whom, in 1766, his pension was increased to twelve thousand livres, with a promise that it should not be withdrawn till he should obtain a post of which the salary should be greater. For some years he lived obscurely in England, only coming forward publicly in 1769 to deny a party allegation which had attracted much notice at that inflammable time, to the effect that he had offered to several members of the British Parliament the means of impeaching the ministers who had brought about the peace of Paris. About this time a suspicion began to be entertained by those acquainted with D'Eon, that he was a gentlewoman in disguise, and, with the national passion for betting, several persons staked large sums upon the fact; one broker, in particular, taking fifteen guineas from all who pleased, to return a hundred when it should be ascertained that the Chevalier D'Eon was not what he seemed. It may well be supposed that a suspicion of this kind regarding a person who had acted so conspicuous a part in grave political affairs, could not become known without exciting an universal feeling of surprise and curiosity in all the countries where the subject of it was known. For several years it was a prominent subject of discussion in the periodical works of our own country, one of which gave a portrait of the Chevalier, in which he was ingeniously represented in both characters at once, the one half of the person lengthwise being dressed as a gentleman, with a sword at the side, while the other hemisphere bore the attire of a lady. One of the persons who had staked money with the broker brought an action, in 1777, into the Court of King's Bench, for recovery of £700 from that individual, such being the sum which he was to obtain in the event of the Chevalier proving to be of the weaker sex. Two witnesses appeared on this occasion, to swear to the fact; and so satisfied were the jury, that they awarded the pursuer the full amount of his claim. Policies of insurance to the amount of seventy-five thousand pounds had also been opened with a reference to this mysterious matter; and that sum would have now changed hands, if a recent act had not invalidated all insurances where the person insuring could not prove an antecedent interest in the person or thing insured.

The question was now considered as set at rest, and, apparently in compliance with the necessity of the case, the Chevalier D'Eon, who had acted as a lawyer, conducted the most nice and difficult diplomatic negotiations, and charged oftener than once at the head of a troop of dragons, assumed the dress of a lady. For a step which ultimately proved to be the beginning rather than the end of deception, and which was attended with circumstances of so unpleasant a character, easily avoidable by sincerity, it is impossible to discover any satisfactory reason. Louis XVI. is said to have made the assumption of the female dress by the Chevalier, a condition of the continuance of his pension; but this could only be in the assurance that he was what he could easily have denied himself to be. A love of singularity, and the notice which it attracts, affords, perhaps, the only reasonable explanation of conduct so extraordinary.

He left England in August 1777, declaring, in refutation of a charge brought against him in the public prints, that he had had no interest of any kind in the gambling transactions to which he had given rise. At Paris, where he was received into the highest society, he appeared in female attire, retaining no portion of his former habiliments save the cross of St Louis. He was at first very awkward in the management of his clothes, and, though only five feet four in height, with a feminine face, bore for some time a rather grotesque appearance. In retiring one day from a dining-room with a number of ladies, he tripped several times in ascending the stairs, when, pettishly turning to a companion, he wished there had been no such thing as petticoats in the world. His courtesy is said to have exceeded in rusticity that of the homeliest country girl, being performed by a stiff projection of the knees. He was full of jokes, however, about the strange

change he had been subjected to. "It is very hard," he would say, "after having been a captain, to be degraded to a cornet"—the latter word signifying in French a female head-dress, as well as a subaltern of horse. Some one asked if, in the event of being insulted, he should not regret his former situation and arms; to which he replied, "I have already considered that matter, and when I quitted my hat and sword, I own it gave me some concern; but I said to myself, What signifies it? I may do as much, perhaps, with my slipper!" On another occasion, when a lady gave him some advice respecting his behaviour, he said, "Madam, I shall always be sage, I hope; but I can never be modest." Whenever any knight of St Louis was addressed in his presence, by the usual title of Chevalier, he could not for a long time resist turning round, on the supposition that he was the person meant. Neither could he forget the habits of courtesy which he had contracted towards the ladies. At table, when he sat near any of that sex, he was always ready to fill their glasses; and when any one had emptied her cup of coffee, D'Eon sprung from his chair to hand it to the table.

When the proposal of an alliance was made to France by the American colonists, Mademoiselle D'Eon, as he may now be termed, made several fruitless endeavours to prevent it from taking place. She had previously, by her influence with Louis XV., been instrumental in preventing a war with England on account of the Falkland Islands; but that monarch being now dead, her influence with the French court was at an end. M. de Maurepas would not allow her an interview either with the king or with himself, but, on the contrary, offended by her interference, ordered her to retire to her native town of Tonnerre. She attempted to pack up her papers in order to obey this command, but took so ill as to be for three weeks confined to her chamber at Versailles. Maurepas then lost patience, and caused her to be conveyed away by force to the Castle of Dijon. He even added insult to the wrong thus inflicted, proposing to marry her to M. de Beaumarchais, as a means of enriching her without expense to the king; in which case, said the minister, there would soon be grounds for her publishing a memorial against her husband, who, being sure to answer it both in prose and verse, would afford some capital sport for the laughers of Paris.

Finding a residence in France no longer agreeable, D'Eon returned to London, where, in 1783, she made a public appearance at Ranelagh in a fencing match with the Chevalier St George, reputed to be the best swordsman in Europe. On this occasion she wore her now customary female attire, which added greatly to the interest of the scene. About the time when the Revolution commenced in her native country, she had formed the resolution of returning thither; but, having contracted considerable debts, she found it necessary to expose the whole of her effects to auction, in order that she might be able to leave England with honour. Louis XVI., hearing of her intention, entrusted a considerable sum to an English nobleman, to aid in clearing off her encumbrances; but this was unfortunately lost to her, in consequence of the nobleman dying by the way. Being at the same time deprived of her pension, she began to tremble for the means of future subsistence, but nevertheless resolved to make her effects go as far towards relieving the pressure of her debts as possible. In May 1791, Mr Christie of Pall Mall commenced the sale, which not only included books, prints, medals, and statues, but an infinite variety of dresses, both male and female, jewels, arms, and accoutrements; in short, every thing she possessed. She was resolved, she said, to pay every one his due as far as lay in her power, and take nothing away but her honour and the regret of leaving England.

Ultimately she was prevented, by the growing troubles of France, from quitting the country in which she had hitherto found an asylum. Necessity, however, left for this able and ingenious diplomatist no other means of prolonging life than an itinerant exhibition of her skill in fencing throughout the country. In the course of a few years, advancing age disabled her for even this miserable expedient, and she rapidly sank into poverty. Her friends—of whom she had secured some whose esteem does honour to her memory—then recommended to her to write the memoirs of her life, and try to obtain, from some bookseller, a small annuity upon the condition of his enjoying the copyright at her death. With much difficulty an arrangement of this kind was effected in the year 1804, and she applied with much zeal to the task of autobiography, which she was not destined, however, to complete. Her remaining years were cheered by the attentions of an aged French lady, named Madame Cole, and by a pension of fifty pounds bestowed upon her by the Duke of Queensberry. In 1808, she became so weakly as to be chiefly confined to bed, though she still continued to write. But at length she sank into a state of extreme debility, and, on the 21st of May 1810, expired at her lodgings, in Millman Street, near the Foundling Hospital.

The Chevalier D'Eon—for he may now once more be spoken of as a man—had reached the advanced age of eighty-three years, of which the last thirty-three had been spent in the practice of a deception almost without precedent, and which was so dexterously managed, that even the person with whom he lived never entertained the least suspicion of it. His body was interred privately within the parish church of St

Pancras; the following words being inscribed on the coffin:—"Charles Genevieve Louis Auguste Andre Timothe D'Eon de Beaumont, né 17 Octobre 1727, mort 21 Mai 1810." The materials of his life were taken in charge by a literary friend, but we are not aware that they ever saw the light.\*

#### CONTINENTAL SKETCHES.

THE following sketch of the modes of travelling and description of places on the Continent, which occur in a work recently published, under the title of "Reminiscences of an Old Traveller," may prove serviceable to that class of persons who intend visiting the Low Countries and banks of the Rhine.

"Before I proceed to mention some particulars relative to the different modes of travelling on the Continent, I would recommend all travellers to compress their baggage into as small a compass as possible, and to take nothing with them but what they absolutely require for wearing apparel. They ought to be equally careful to avoid speaking to their *valet-de-place*, or at the public tables, on any subjects connected with politics, or articles of faith, as there are spies at every inn, who never lose sight of the traveller till he leaves the place.

I beg to observe, that the following information is taken from the notes of my own disbursements when last on the Continent. Any one, therefore, by taking the map of Europe, and measuring the distances from one place to another, may easily calculate the probable expenses of travelling, and regulate matters accordingly.

When a person has not his own carriage, he can travel by the diligences, which are to be found on almost every great frequented road. They are most comfortable and cheap; and when the traveller pays for his place, a receipt is given him for the money, where it is distinctly stated among other particulars, that no smoking is allowed, or any sick person or dogs admitted into the carriage. There is always a guard or conductor, whose duty it is to see these regulations enforced; and I never knew one instance where they were deviated from.

In Italy, the drivers (called *vetturini*) have generally their own carriage and horses, and engage for a fixed sum to convey the traveller from one place to another within a given time, including bed and board.

Independent of these two modes of travelling, there are vehicles all over Germany called *postwagen*, where two persons, with their baggage, can travel very conveniently, and which can be procured at the rate of from 12s. to 15s. a-day for any length of time, and to any distance, drawn by two horses, the driver paying all expenses for himself and team.

I will now point out, as far as my experience goes, the different places on the Continent where a person may derive the most instruction, combined with what young people naturally wish to enjoy—pleasure and amusement. I would recommend the English traveller, in every instance, to get good letters of introduction to the native residents wherever he goes, and to avoid the society of his countrymen, who, in a general sense, are far from deriving those advantages from travelling, which a more discriminate and attentive analysis of the character of the continental nations would infallibly procure them.

Paris is decidedly the best winter residence in Europe, both for instruction and amusement, and whence a person can return to England in the course of two or three days. The next towns in order, I would say Vienna, Berlin, and St Petersburg, where the manners and habits of the people are more strictly national, and afford an endless source of useful knowledge to the inquisitive traveller. At Rome nobody would ever live from choice; it is a paradise for artists alone, and affords a melancholy spectacle of a people, reduced by their own indolence and indifference to the lowest state of moral and political degradation; and no person should reside there beyond a couple of months, unless they choose to run the risk of being for ever lost in that gulf of vice and pollution. At Naples, as well as at Rome, the same period of time will suffice to gratify every rational degree of curiosity; beyond that, we are exposed to the same contamination.

As for a summer residence on the Continent, I know none so delightful as Baden. Carlsbad has great attractions as a watering-place, and is frequented by the first society in Europe during the summer. Spa is rather out of date, although the surrounding scenery is most beautiful, and a person cannot fail passing the fine season very pleasantly, by sailing up the Rhine in a steamer, and landing either at Ems or Wiesbaden, and from thence taking occasionally little trips to Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, &c. This latter plan is the more to be recommended, as the traveller, in case of need, can easily accelerate his return to England, by proceeding down the Rhine to Rotterdam, from whence a steamer brings him home in little more than twenty-four hours.

\* This article has been composed with care, though perhaps not with perfect correctness in point of fact, from materials scattered throughout Dodsley's Annual Register, and the Gentleman's Magazine (see indexes of those works)—the Edinburgh Annual Register 1810, and the Eccentric Mirror, London, 1807.

The approach to Rotterdam by water is calculated to excite the most pleasing emotions in the breast of the English traveller; for while, on the left bank of the river, he sees the Brill, where the Dutch people, goaded on by repeated acts of cruelty, first unfurled the standard of independence against the sanguinary Philip of Spain, the whole scene around him, singularly attractive from the novelty and originality of its general features, draws forth his attention till the steam-boat reaches its destination. When we are landed among the Dutch, our effects are immediately carried to the custom-house, where they are detained but a few minutes; nor did I meet any thing during my whole stay in Holland but the most assiduous attentions.

The old hackneyed remark of the cleanliness of the people must strike the most common observer; and their care to preserve unimpaired every thing that tends either to improve the appearance of their canals, gardens, or towns in general, is singularly conspicuous: the latter are generally intersected with navigable canals, the sides of which are ornamented with trees kept in the most perfect order. These canals extend over the whole country in endless ramifications, serving for the double purpose of irrigation and of beautifying it; and when we view the enlivening scene of vessels sailing to and fro, and the gardens on the banks of the canals laid out with so much taste and neatness, we naturally conclude that the Dutch have a large share of the comforts and enjoyments of life: their country was neither fertile nor beautiful by nature, but they have made it so by assiduity and art. For ages past they have been a kind of amphibious beings, living considerably under the level of the sea, upon whose proud domain they gradually encroached, till they changed its unproductive sands into fields teeming with fertility, and now repose quietly under the shade of trees, where, in former times, their barks were shattered to pieces by the raging tempest. The changes and revolutions in other countries have passed on without affecting them in the smallest degree: their dress continues as it was, peculiar and original; the construction of their ships is totally different from those of other nations; their modes of thinking, uninfluenced and unaffected by the theoretical fancies of modern times; the plainness, simplicity, and gravity of their manners remain unaltered, and their morals, in a considerable degree, uncontaminated by the prevailing vices in other countries. They have formed a just and a proper estimate of what constitutes human enjoyment in a rational way; and this is evident in their general demeanour, and in the expression of their countenances. See the plain citizen, seated on a bench in his garden, with his pipe and his book;—he is a living monument of self-contentedness, looking with complacency and composure on the comforts with which he is surrounded; and he enjoys them because they are of his own creation, the fruits and the reward of temperance, industry, and good management, which at all times will flourish of themselves, without the intervention of legislative enactments. Let the people of England, and, above all, those of the Sister Isle, look to this. They will perhaps tell me they are ruined by an over-population: I can say in answer to this, that there are more inhabitants to a square mile in Holland than in Great Britain. Then, they may come over the old ground of oppressive taxation as an effectual check to national prosperity: this argument is of as little value as the first, as the taxes in Holland are very nearly double to what they are in Great Britain, if we take into consideration the means and the resources of the respective countries. What, then, is the cause of all the misery among so great a proportion of the people in the British empire? I will tell them in few words. It arises from intemperance, idleness, and bad management.

Belgium has infinite attractions for a traveller, and great natural advantages: it abounds in wood and coal, and all the articles of consumption for man and beast in the utmost plenty. At Antwerp they have one of the finest harbours in the world, and every possible convenience for the extension and encouragement of trade; and there, as well as at Brussels, the amateur of paintings will find the choicest specimens of the Dutch and Flemish school. The country, towards Spa and the Duchy of Luxemburg, is inexpressibly picturesque and beautiful; and in those districts the geologist and mineralogist will find a wide field for their enterprise and research. From these points, it is desirable to find our way to the Rhine by the way of Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, two towns of the most interesting description in that part of the Continent.

I descended the Rhine from Cologne, and landed at Dusseldorf, on the right bank. From Dusseldorf I proceeded, by the way of Elberfeld and Arensburg, to Cassel, a road infinitely interesting, as much from its natural beauties, as from the active and useful pursuits in which the people are engaged, particularly in and about Elberfeld, which may be called the Sheffield of Germany.

Let us now proceed to the University of Göttingen. All lovers of phrenology would do well, when they visit that once far-famed place of learning, to take a letter of introduction to Professor Blumenbach, who has the choicest collection of skulls in Europe, all arranged in the best order; and where they may draw their deductions, and feast on their favourite science, at their leisure. Göttingen has lost much of



its celebrity, and the students of their former valour, in breaking the windows of the citizens and trying the strength of their own skulls during their nightly orgies. One sees groups of them here and there smoking their cigars very peaceably, while grass and weeds are beginning to grow up in the streets, and the town itself gradually assuming a very solitary and sombre appearance.

Different, indeed, is the town of Weimar, at no great distance. This delightful spot has long been the headquarters of the German literati, where the great Schiller died a few years ago, and where the illustrious Goethe finished his glorious career in March 1832. I saw him in 1827, when he did me the honour to receive me in the most friendly manner in his own house. He was then seventy-nine years of age, tall and well made, with large dark eyes, even at that period of life beaming with fire and intelligence; and with the mild and urbane manners of the courtier, he united a certain measure of German gravity, very becoming an old man, and characteristic of his country. His acquaintance was of itself a passport into the choicest circles, and his interest procured a person an immediate entrance into the best library in Germany.

I do not know a more desirable residence than Weimar for a person of moderate income, and having a relish for literary pursuits. It lies in the very heart of the Continent, and where the real German character is preserved entire, uncontaminated by those vicious principles which prevail more and more as we approach the banks of the Rhine in a westerly direction. It contains within itself a most extensive and delightful garden, open to the public at all times; and, to crown the whole, the reigning Great-Duke and Duchess, who are most exemplary in the practice of every thing that is amiable and praiseworthy, receive strangers properly recommended with the most pointed attentions, and do the honours of their high station with a degree of condescension and goodness, which a person must see to have an adequate idea of, and which I had the good fortune of experiencing.—Such is Weimar!

#### DEER SHOOTING.

[From "Wild Sports of the West." Bentley, London.]

A SHEPHERD in breathless haste has just entered our cabin (situated in the western wilds of Ballycroy in Ireland), and by expressive signs and few words, he has conveyed the intelligence to Mr Hennessey that three outlying deer are at this minute in a neighbouring glen. He saw them in the valley as he crossed the brow above. Nothing short of the landing of a French army or a smuggler could occasion such confusion. The chamber of state is invaded, rifles are uncased, shot exchanged for bullets, a basket with refreshments packed; all is hurry and preparation, and in an incalculably short time we are ready for the fray, and in full march for the mountains.

The day is particularly favourable, the sun shines brilliantly, the sky is without a cloud, and if we even miss the deer, I trust that the prospect from the mountain-top will more than repay our labour in ascending it. The party comprises three guns, and some ten or twelve drivers, with our guide. My kinsman and Hennessey have rifles; I am no marksman with a bullet, and I declined to take one, and therefore must put my trust in honest John Manton. We bend our course directly to the mountain cleugh, where the deer were seen by the peasant; but when we reach the base of the hills, we must diverge to the left, and make a considerable detour; and judging from the appearance of the heights to be surmounted, we have work cut out, which, before our return to the hut, will tell what metal we are made of.

Nor is the garrison during our absence left without protectors. The Colonel, the Priest, the Otter-killer, and old John, there keep watch and ward. Old John, "the last and truest of the four," has assumed his culinary apron, and from the strength and array of his "materiel," it is clear that he calculates little upon the red-deer venison we shall bring home.

A smart walk of some three miles over an undulating surface, of gentle but regular ascent, brought us to the deep and circular lake, which lies at the base of Carrig-a-binnioch; it seems the boundary between the hill country and the moorlands. Here we halted, and held with the peasants a council of war, on the course of operations to be pursued.

The situation of this mountain lough is extremely picturesque; on three sides it is embosomed in the hills, which rise boldly from the water's edge, and for many hundred feet appear to be almost perpendicular. Its depth is considerable, and hence, bright as the day is, the waters have a dark and sombre look. It abounds with trout of moderate size and excellent flavour. They were rising fast at the natural fly, and appeared generally to be herring-sized.

While resting here, preparatory to attempting to ascend the heights, Cooney, the guide, related a very apposite adventure.

Late in the autumn of the preceding year, the peasant had visited the lake with his fishing-rod. The trout took well, and Cooney had nearly filled his basket, when he was startled by the report of a gun at no great distance up the hill. While he looked in the direction from whence the shot appeared to have been discharged, a fine full-grown stag crossed the brow above him, tottered downwards for some

twenty steps, and then falling into a steep and stony ravine, rolled lifelessly over, until he reached the very spot where the astonished fisherman was standing. Before his surprise had time to abate, a man armed with a French gun, leaped upon the bank over which the deer had fallen, and was joined immediately by a companion, armed also with a fowling-piece. Then, for the first time, they observed the startled angler. The discovery was any thing but agreeable; for, after a momentary pause, they rushed down the hill together, and presenting their long guns at Cooney's breast, ordered him to decamp, in terms that admitted of no demur. The angler absconded forthwith. On looking round, he saw the deer-stealers place the carcass on their shoulders and ascend the heights, over which they quickly disappeared. The feat is almost incredible, and it required an amazing effort of strength and determination to transport a full-grown red-deer over a precipitous mountain, which we, in light marching order, and with no burden but our guns, found a difficult task enough to climb.

From its very base, Carrig-a-binnioch presents a different surface to the moorlands which environ it: heath is no more seen, and in its place the mountain's rugged sides are clothed with lichen and wild grasses. The face of the hill is broken and irregular, and the ascent rendered extremely disagreeable by multitudes of loose stones, which, being lightly bedded in the soil, yield to the pressure of the traveller's foot, and of course increase his difficulties.

After the first hundred yards had been gallantly surmounted, we halted by general consent to recover breath. Again we resumed our labour, and, with occasional pauses, plodded on "our weary way." As we ascended, the hill became more precipitous, the grass shorter, and the hands were as much employed as the feet. The halts were now more frequent; and each progression towards the summit shorter after each pause. "To climb the trackless mountain all unseen," is very poetical, no doubt; but it is also, I regret to add, amazingly fatiguing, and a task for men of thews and sinews of no ordinary strength. But we were determined, and persevered—"forward" was the order of the day: on we progressed, slowly but continuously; the steepest face of the hill was gradually overcome, and a wide waste of moss and shingle lay before us, rising towards a cairn of stones, which marks the apex of the mountain. We pressed on with additional energy; the termination of our toil was in view: in a few minutes we gained the top, and a scene, glorious beyond imagination, burst upon us at once, and repaid tenfold the labour we had encountered to obtain it.

We stood upon the very pinnacle of the ridge, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Clew Bay, that magnificent sheet of water, was extended at our feet, studded with its countless islands: inland, the eye ranged over a space of fifty miles; and towns and villages beyond number were sprinkled over a surface covered with grass, and corn, and heath, in beautiful alternation. The sun was shining gloriously, and the variety of colouring presented by this expansive landscape, was splendidly tinted by the vertical rays of light. The yellow corn, the green pasturage, the russet heaths, were traceable to an infinite distance, while smaller objects were marked upon this natural panorama, and churches, towns, and mansions, occasionally relieved the prospect. We turned from the interior to the west; there the dark waters of the Atlantic extended, till the eye lost them in the horizon. Northward lay the Sligo highlands; and southward, the Connemara mountains, with the noble islands of Turk and Boffin—nearer objects seemed almost beneath us: Achill was below—Clare Island stretched at our feet—while our own cabin looked like a speck upon the canvass, distinguished only by its spiral wreath of smoke from the hillocks that encircled it. There was an indescribable loneliness around, that gave powerful effect to all we saw. The dreariness of the waste we occupied was grand and imposing: we were far removed from every thing human; we stood above the world, and could exclaim with Byron, "This, this is solitude!"

How long we might have gazed on this brilliant spectacle, is questionable. Hennessey, less romantic than we, reminded us that it was time to occupy the defile, by which the deer, if found, and driven from the lowlands, would pass within our range. Thus recalled, we looked at the immediate vicinage of the cairn. It was a wilderness of moss, and bog, and granite, barren beyond description, and connected with the upper levels of the Alpine ridge, which extended for miles at either side, by a narrow chain of rock, which seemed more like the topping of a parapet than the apex of a line of hills. Indeed, a more desolate region could not be well imagined; no sign of vegetation appeared, if scathed lichens, and parched and withered flag-grass, be excepted—the mountain cattle were rarely seen upon these heights, and the footmarks upon the softer surface were those of deer and goats.

While we still cast a "longing lingering look" at a scene, which, I lament to say, I shall most probably never be permitted to view again, a boy rose from the valley towards the south, and hastened at full speed to join us. His communication was soon made, and, like the shepherds at the cabin, pantomime rather than speech conveyed its import. His tidings were momentous: the deer had moved from the place in

which they had been first discovered, and were now within one thousand yards of the place where we were resting. Hennessey and the boy advanced in double quick, and where the ridge is steepest between the highlands and the valley, we observed them make a sudden halt, and creep gingerly forward to what seemed the brow of a precipice. We followed more leisurely, and adopting a similar method of approach, stole silently on, and looked over the chasm.

The precipice we were on forms the extremity of a long but narrow ravine, which, gradually rising from the lowlands, divides the bases of Carrig-a-binnioch and Meelroe. It was a perpendicular rock of fearful height. At either side the valley was flanked by the sides of the opposite hills; and they sprang up so rugged and precipitous as to be quite impracticable to all but "the wild flock which never needs a fold;" and yet the cleugh below was like a green spot upon a wilderness. To the very bases of the ridges it was covered with verdant grass and blooming heather, while, at the upper end, streams from several well-heads united together and formed a sparkling rivulet, which wandered between banks so green and shrubby, as formed a striking contrast to the barren heaths below and the blasted wilderness above.

We put our hats aside, and peeped over. The wave of Hennessey's hand proved the boy's report to be correct, and we were gratified with a sight of those rare and beautiful animals which formed the object of our expedition. They were the same leash which the peasant had noticed in the lower valley—an old stag, a younger one, and a doe.

The great elevation of the precipice, and the caution with which we approached the verge, permitted us, without alarming them, to view the red-deer leisurely. They appeared to have been as yet undisturbed, for, after cropping the herbage for a little, the younger stag and the hind lay down, while the old hart remained erect as if he intended to be their sentinel.

The distance of the deer from the ridge was too great to allow the rifle to be used with any thing like certainty; and from the exposed nature of the hills at either side, it was impossible to get within point-blank range undiscovered. Hennessey had already formed his plans, and drawing cautiously back from the ridge, he pulled us by the skirts, and beckoned us to retire.

We fell back about a pistol-shot from the cliff, and under a rock, and held our council of war. There were two passes, through one of which the deer, when roused and driven from the glen, would most likely retreat. The better of these, as post of honour, was, more politely than prudently, entrusted to me; my kinsman occupied the other; and Hennessey having ensconced us behind rocks, which prevented our ambush from being discovered, crossed to the other side of the ridge, and I lost sight of him. Meanwhile the boy had been dispatched to apprise the drivers that the deer were in the ravine, and to notify the spot where we were posted, to enable them to arrange their movements according to our plans.

I will not pretend to describe the anxious, nay, agonising hour, that I passed in this highland ambuscade. The deep stillness of the waste was not broken by even the twittering of a bird. From the place where I lay concealed, I commanded a view of the defile for the distance of some eighty yards, and my eye turned to the path by which I expected the deer to approach, until to gaze longer pained me. My ear was equally engaged; the smallest noise was instantly detected, and the ticking of my watch appeared sharper and louder than usual. As time wore on, my nervousness increased. Suddenly a few pebbles fell—my heart beat faster—but it was a false alarm. Again I heard a faint sound, as if a light foot pressed upon loose shingle—it was repeated!—it is the deer! They have entered the gorge of the pass, and approach the rock that covers me, in a gentle canter!

To sink upon one knee and cock both barrels, was a moment's work. Reckless of danger, the noble animals, in single file, galloped down the narrow pathway. The hart led the way, followed by the doe, and the old stag brought up the rear. As they passed me at the short distance of twenty paces, I fired at the leader, and, as I thought, with deadly aim; but the ball passed over his back, and splintered the rock beyond him. The report rang over the waste, and the deer's surprise was evinced by the tremendous rush they made to clear the defile before them. I selected the stag for my second essay; eye and finger kept excellent time, as I imagined. I drew the trigger—a miss by every thing unfortunate! The bullet merely struck a tye from his antler, and, excepting this trifling graze, he went off at a thundering pace, uninjured.

Throwing my luckless gun upon the ground, I rushed to the summit of a neighbouring rock, from which the heights and valleys beyond the gorge of the pass were seen distinctly. The deer had separated—the hart and doe turned suddenly to the right, and were fired at by my cousin, without effect. The stag went right ahead; and while I still gazed after him, a flash issued from a hollow in the hill, the sharp report of Hennessey's piece succeeded, and the stag sprang full six feet from the ground, and, tumbling over and over repeatedly, dropped upon the bent-grass with a rifle-bullet in his heart.

I rushed at headlong speed to the spot where the noble animal lay. The eye was open—the nostril ex-

panded, just as life had left him. Throwing his rifle down, Hennessey pulled out a clasp-knife, passed the blade across the deer's throat, and requesting my assistance, raised the carcass by the haunches, in order to assist its bleeding freely.

Having performed this necessary operation, and obtained the assistance of two of our companions from the valley, whence they had been driving the deer, we proceeded to transport the dead stag to the lowlands. It was no easy task, but we accomplished it quickly; and perceiving some horses grazing at no great distance, we determined to press one for the occasion. A stout pony was unceremoniously put in requisition, the deer laid across his back, and after emptying flask and basket joyously beside a stream of rock-water, we turned our faces to the cabin, where the news of our success had already arrived.

#### A PERE-LA-CHAISE IN LONDON.

On this frequently broached subject, a writer in the *Spectator*—one of the best-conducted newspapers in the kingdom—has the following observations:—

It would be vanity to attempt a *Père-la-Chaise* in the suburbs of London; the myrtle blooms not there, and the cypress grows as a stranger. The genius of the people is even more opposed to it than the climate. Ours is a branch of the great European family very different from that of the French—to whom the Franks have left little but their name, and in whose veins the Celtic blood is mixed, but not tempered with Gothic and Burgundian. By whatever name they be called—Saxop, Jute, or Dane—Northmen, Norwegian, or Norman—our fathers are from northernmost Germany, and the yet remoter wilds of Scandinavia; and the genius of our countrymen, sombre and pensive, still savours of the primeval forests whence issued the founders of their lineage. Their fancy crowns not death with roses, nor strives to subdue his sternness into a smile, as is attempted, and not without success, in *Père-la-Chaise*. There, not a skull, nor a bone, nor the image of one, is to be seen. Death's hollow eyes are lighted up with lilies—they have screened his bald pate with myrtle—they have plumped out his fallen chaps and flushed them with roses—that he smiles and smiles, and knows himself not. The Teutonic imagination, on the contrary, invests him with a gloom deeper than his own, and solaces itself by adding to his terrors.

"Black he stands as Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies,  
And shakes a dreadful dart."

It courts him in the aisles of cathedrals, in vaults where the cheerful day is a stranger all too wanton for admission. It conjures him up in all his blackness; and to divest him of his thick clouds and dark, were to rob him of his dignity, and forfeit the pleasing horror which the contemplation of him inspires. Superstition is feeble among the Parisians, and religion still feebler. Their temperament is equal, their sensibility small, their vivacity excessive: they laugh much—a "passion hateful" to the poet as to the pietist: they are uniquely and ardently occupied with the present, they look not forward to what is to come, and make haste to forget what is past. Reverence for antiquity they have none; the organ of veneration I take to be very little, if at all, developed among them; and the anxious foresight that would penetrate the mystery even of death and the grave, is precluded by a thoughtless and reckless disposition. "Slang sorrow, care killed a cat"—such, in homely phrase, is their motto; tight, whole, and sound, they are ever ready, ever on the *qui vive*. The tear, if it springs, is chased by the laugh that hurries after; and spleen and hate, and care and forethought, are alike forgotten in the ardour of pursuit, or drowned in the uproar of merriment. Let the English attempt no pretty funeral garden in the vicinity of London. What would it be but a miserable account of dripping shrubs and moss-grown walks, edged with dank grass; rows of square slabs bearing stonemason formulas by way of inscription, with large provision of death's heads and thigh-bones; and here and there a heavy sarcophagus, garnished with a coat of arms supported by blubbery cherubs; the whole reflecting neither the sentimental elegance of the French, nor the simple gravity of the English character? Were they who execute what should be the will of the British people, inspired with the sentiment of greatness which belongs to the nation, they would attempt no parody of Parisian elegancies, but accomplish something more in unison with the character, and on a scale more proportioned to the extent of the great city whose dead were to find there an adequate repository. On the east of the British metropolis, or more near east by south, rises an eminence bearing on its shoulders a plain of wide extent; the ground for the most part unenclosed, and in every respect adapted to the purpose, even to the name, which is *Blackheath*. Thence may the traveller's eye discover with a feeling not unlike daisy, more near, a forest of masts—beyond, a boundless Pandemonium of buildings, here dimly described in the gloom, there lost and buried in the blackest night of Tartarus—the modern Babylon, unique of cities, every thing great and every thing mean, sublime in smoke, and fog, and vastness—London! How ill, mighty queen, would a pendant like *Père-la-Chaise*, pretty and sentimental, become thy swart and colossal neck! Instead

thereof, let the plain above mentioned, stretched out, "if need be," in yet wider circumference, be crowned with a fitting canopy of those lugubrious trees that love our soil and climate—the Norway fir, the mountain pine, the yew-tree's "venerable shade," and every son of the forest—a grove tremendous and inviolable for ages. Here might the generations of the dead—the departed millions that once toiled from morning to night in the vast workshop below, find a stern, but deep and inviolate repose. Why bring roses, or plant myrtles, to mock with a smile the graves of those on whom nothing ever smiled in life?—[The writer has forgot to mention that the English have no time to spare for lounging in burying-grounds—an excuse sufficient in itself for declining to establish a *Père-la-Chaise*.]

#### NUMBER ONE.

[From Hood's Comic Annual, 1830.]

"It's very hard! and so it is,  
To live in such a row,  
And witness this, that every Miss  
But me has got a beau.  
For Love goes calling up and down,  
But here he seems to shun:  
I'm sure he has been ask'd enough  
To call at Number One!  
"I'm sick of all the double knocks  
That come to Number Four!  
At Number Three I often see  
A lover at the door;  
And one in blue, at Number Two,  
Calls daily like a dun—  
It's very hard they come so near,  
And not at Number One!  
"Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear  
Exactly to her mind,  
By sitting at the window pane  
Without a bit of blind;  
But I go in the balcony,  
Which she has never done,  
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five  
Don't take at Number One!  
"Tis hard, with plenty in the street,  
And plenty passing by—  
There's nice young men at Number Ten,  
But only rather shy;  
And Mrs Smith across the way  
Has got a grown-up son,  
But la! he hardly seems to know  
There is a Number One!  
"There's Mr Wick at Number Nine,  
But he's intent on pelf;  
And, though he's pious, will not love  
His neighbour as himself.  
At Number Seven there was a sale—  
The goods had quite a run!  
And here I've got my single lot  
On hand at Number One!  
"My mother often sits at work,  
And talks of props and stays,  
And what a comfort I shall be  
In her declining days!  
The very maids about the house  
Have set me down a nun—  
The sweethearts all belong to them  
That call at Number One!  
"Once only, when the flue took fire,  
One Friday afternoon,  
Young Mr Long came kindly in,  
And told me not to swoon.  
Why can't he come again without  
The Phoenix and the Sun?  
We cannot always have a flue  
On fire at Number One!  
"I am not old! I am not plain!  
Nor awkward in my gait!  
I am not crooked like the bride  
That went from Number Eight!  
I'm sure white satin made her look  
As brown as any bun!  
But even beauty has no chance,  
I think, at Number One!  
"At Number Six, they say, Miss Rose  
Has slain a score of hearts,  
And Cupid, for her sake, has been  
Quite prodigal of darts.  
The lads they show with bended bow—  
I wish he had a gun!  
But if he had, he'd never deign  
To shoot with Number One!  
"It's very hard! and so it is,  
To live in such a row!  
And here's a ballad-singer come  
To aggravate my woe:  
O take away your foolish song  
And tones enough to stun—  
There is 'nae luck about the house,  
I know, at Number One!"

**EVIL SPEAKING.**—If you hear that people speak ill of you, do not therefore be in a passion; and if you are told that they speak favourably of you, let it not transport you. If another person be calumniated in your presence, encourage not the calumniator. Should a person be praised in your hearing, join in it if you know him deserving. The poet says, "When I hear a man spoken ill of, it pains me as much as though sharp thorns were piercing my heart; and when another is commended in my presence, the pleasure is as exquisite as the smell of fragrant flowers."

#### HENRY PRENTICE, AN EARLY CULTIVATOR OF THE POTATO.

This man was at one time a pedlar, at another time a market-gardener, and at all times a very eccentric character. He introduced the field culture of the potato into Lothian in 1746, seven years after it had been first tried in the parish of Kilsyth by Mr Graham of Tamrawer; but it was in consequence of seeing the root in Ireland or in Lancashire, in the course of his wandering profession, that Prentice thought of making the attempt. As the field was advancing to ripeness, Lord Minto, eminent for his patriotic benevolence, asked him how it was getting on; to which Prentice answered, "Very well, my lord; but I do not know how I shall get them carried to town for sale." "I'll give you a cart and horse," said Lord Minto, and he was as good as his word; but Prentice, after disposing of his produce, sold the cart and horse for his own behoof, alleging that his lordship had given them to him as a present. Having scraped together the sum of a hundred and forty pounds, he sank it with the managers of the Canongate Charity Workhouse, in 1784, for a weekly subsistence of seven shillings, which he enjoyed in a humble lodging in the Abbey. During his latter years, he was in the practice of going every Wednesday to the Cross of Edinburgh, to converse with the farmers, who were very kind to him; but he would never shake the hand of any person above two years of age. Nine years before his death, he purchased for himself a coffin at two guineas, taking the joinder bound, by a written obligation, to screw him down with his own hands gratis; and this dismal memorial of mortality, which was inscribed only with the year of his birth (1703), he suspended from the ceiling of his apartment, like a bird-cage. He also bargained with the managers of the Charity Workhouse for a grave in the Canongate Churchyard, to which they were bound to convey him in a hearse with four mourning-coaches; and there he accordingly erected an anticipatory monument, bearing the words:—

HENRY PRENTICE,  
Died

Be not curious to know how I lived,  
But rather how yourself should die.

But this churchyard being frequently open, the monument in time was much damaged by boys, and Prentice thought proper to remove it to the secluded old cemetery at Restalrig, where, at his death, January 25, 1788, he was interred in the manner contracted for.\*

\* Mr George Robertson, an useful topographical and genealogical writer, recently deceased, says, in his *Rural Recollections* (Irvine, 1839), "The earliest evidence that I have met of potatoes in Scotland, is an old household book of the Eglington family in 1733, in which they appear at different times as a dish at supper."

**SIR WALTER SCOTT.**—Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled, in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the "Wizard of the North" was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honour them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no interest in any thing he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. "No, no," said he, "I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them that I am not well enough to come." He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr H. and said, "who was that you said wanted to see me?" The doctor explained. "I'll go," said he; "they shall see me if they wish it;" and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold; and, forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed, kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on, but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology, and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed.—*New York Mirror*.

**KNOWLEDGE:** Published by William and Robert Chambers, 19, Waterloo Place; and Orr & Smith, Paternoster Row, London. Agents—John Macleod, 30, Argyle Street, Glasgow; George Young, Dublin; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Nova Scotia, and United States of America.

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Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, St Andrew Street; and printed at the Steam-press of W. and R. Chambers.



